THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Hiſtory of the third Generation of the Porcupine Man.

By PROFESSOR BLUMENBACH.

THE well-known aſtronomer J. Machin gave, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1732, the firſt account of a boy of 14 years of age, afterwards called the porcupine man, whoſe whole ſkin, the head, the palms of the hand, and the ſoles of the feet excepted, was covered with corneous pegs, which gave the body an appearance as if covered with a coat of mail. He was not born with this cuticular deformity, which firſt made its appearance ſeven or eight weeks after his birth, at which period the ſkin became yellow, and gradually continued to grow darker, till at length it became black, and ſoon after thicker and more corneous.

In his fiftieth year this man, who was now married and a father, exhibited himſelf in London, together with his ſon, who had the ſame deformity of ſkin. The celebrated Baker, who wrote on the microſcope, gave at that time, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, an appendix to M. Machin's paper; and as the latter had given a repreſentation of the hand of the father, the former gave a figure of that of the ſon from a drawing, an engraving of which may be ſeen alſo in Edwards's Gleanings of Natural Hiſtory, p. 1, tab. 212.

This ſon afterwards married; and in the month of September, 1801, I ſaw two of his ſons, perfectly like their father and grandfather, and conſequently the third generation of this family, ſo ſingular on account of this cuticular deformity.

The oldeſt was twenty-two years of age and married; the younger was fourteen. Both were ſtout, well made, and of an athletic conſtitution. The older was a good pugiliſt like his

grandfather, who is ſaid to have excelled in this gymnaſtic art. His face, the palms of the hands, and the ſoles of the feet, were of the uſual appearance, but ſeemed to me to be uncommonly red. The ſkin of the remaining parts of the body was covered with corneous excreſcences, or pegs of greater or leſs ſize, and of a more or leſs horny nature. The longeſt, ſtrongeſt, and hardeſt were on the fore arm and thighs; the fineſt were on ſome parts of the lower belly. They were in general ſmaller on the younger brother, and in many places, ſuch as the breaſt, ſoft. The largeſt excreſcences were from four to five lines in length, and of an irregular priſmatic form, with blunt edges almoſt as if preſſed flat. The thickeſt were about three lines in diameter; at the extremities generally ſplit, and many of them diverging like a fork. On the other hand, I ſcarcely obſerved one of them of that cylindric form aſcribed to them by Baker, who beſide ſuppoſed them to be hollow; at leaſt ſuch was the opinion of Haller, who conſidered this as a confirmation of Boerhaave's opinion in regard to the conſtruction of the epidermis, as he ſays, "In hoc puero tota ſuperficies corporis abiit in congeriem tubulorum exſtantium, calloſorum, ſubinde renaſcentium, quod certe exemplum quaſi de induſtria ad conformandam præceptoris, ſententiam factum eſt." Boerhaave ſays expreſsly of the epidermis, "Conſtat vaſorum exhalantium et inhalantium innumerabilium extremis annulis, inter ſe connatis."

Where the excreſcences were longeſt and thickeſt, they appeared to me to be like thoſe which I have ſeen in the elephant, under the forehead and above the trunk.

The colour of them in general appeared to be a chefnut or coffee brown. This however was the caſe at the ſurface, for in other parts the larger ones were rather of a yellowiſh gray.

The hair of the ſkin appeared ſometimes as if grown into the horny ſubſtance of theſe excreſcences.

Both the brothers, as well as the father and grandfather, had had the ſmallpox, in the laſt ſtage of which they loſt the greater part of their excreſcences; but they were ſoon gradually reproduced. In general they drop off ſingly from time to time, eſpecially in winter; but new ones gradually grow up. When they are in any manner torn off, the ſkin which lies under them readily begins to bleed.

The ſkin on the top of the head before, and eſpecially in the oldeſt, forms a kind of broad callofity, which has ſome reſemblance to the *tofis* of the camel.

The perſpiration of theſe two brothers exhibits nothing uncommon, no perceptible ſmell, &c. and during great heats or violent exerciſe they ſweat like other men.

I am acquainted with only two caſes which have real analogy to that of the porcupine men from Suffolk. The one is the boy from Biſeglia, of whom Stalp van der Wiel has given a figure and

and ſome account, in his obſervations: the other is a female child, three years of age, at Vienna, whoſe hiſtory and an account of the cure have been publiſhed by J. A. von Brambillas. In both the face was free from theſe excreſcences, but the palms of the hands and the ſoles of the feet were the moſt covered with them. An obſervation made in regard to the boy correſponds exactly with a circumſtance related of the porcupine man: "Delapſis veteribus, novæ illico ſuccedebant ſquamæ, quibus avulſis mox effluebant ſanguis:" and the caſe is the ſame with what Brambillas ſays of the girl: "ſhe was born with a ſmooth and ſomewhat yellow ſkin, but in ſix weeks it became brown, and in the courſe of a year black and briſtly." The laſt mentioned child was freed from its briſtly warts by the continued uſe of bathing and mercurials; and we are told by Baker that the firſt porcupine man twice employed ſalivation to cleanſe his ſkin; that by theſe means the excreſcences dropped off, and that the ſkin continued for ſome time as white and ſmooth as that of other people; but that ſoon after the cure it became covered with thoſe horny excreſcences as before.

Other inſtances of ſingular deformities in the ſkin are mentioned by Fabricius, Hildanus, Fourcroy, &c. but theſe are ſo different from that here alluded to, that they cannot be placed in the ſame claſs.

BENEFICENCE REWARDED: A TALE.

RICHARD MACWILL, the ſon of a rich merchant in Dublin, with a graceful perſon, poſſeſſed a tender and compaſſionate heart, which greatly enhanced his other gifts of nature. Being at Algiers on buſineſs, he one day ſaw a ſhip arrive with two young women, who were weeping bitterly; and upon inquiry he learnt, that they were ſlaves recently captured, and brought there for ſale. Animated by a generous impulſe of compaſſion, he immediately paid what the rapacious corſairs demanded, and with courteous and kind expreſſions endeavoured to comfort them. He then attended them to his ſhip, declared to them that they were free, and that he was ready to furniſh them with whatever aſſiſtance they might ſtand in need. At ſuch unexpected generoſity, the two young women fell at his feet, overpowered with aſtoniſhment and joy; their lamentations were changed to lively expreſſions of the ſincereſt happineſs and gratitude.

They both were of a noble and diſtinguiſhed appearance, and one was remarkable for beauty. Macwill was ſtruck with it; and the ſentiments of complacency which inſpire a beneficent ſoul with a kind intereſt for thoſe it has benefitted; the ſentiments of gratitude he perceived in the fair ſtranger, and above

all, the beauties of her well-cultivated mind, which he gradually diſcovered; the prudence, knowledge, genius, ſenſe, mildneſs, elegance of manners, and the evident ſigns of a noble and poliſhed education, made him by degrees conceive an ardent love for her. The young lady on her ſide, felt the ſweet power of gratitude, and ſaw the kind attentions he had for her, which pleaſing circumſtance, joined to the gracefulneſs of his perſon, the great knowledge his mind was ſtored with, and the goodneſs with which his heart was replete, could not defend herſelf from being touched with the like ſentiments for him.

Macwill repeatedly entreated and preſſed her to diſcover to him her name, family, and country. Her name, ſhe ſaid, was Conſtance; that of her companion, Iſabella; but earneſtly begged him to permit her to be ſilent on the reſt. Let it ſuffice you to know, ſaid ſhe, that Heaven has granted me the advantage of a birth not unworthy of the kind attentions and the care you have for me; perhaps a day may come in which they may be rewarded.

On his arrival at Dublin, Macwill preſented the two young ladies to his father; he related to him the means by which they came in his power, and could not conceal the tender ſentiments with which Conſtance had inſpired him. Macwill's father praiſed his generous action, in redeeming the fair captives; but could not approve the marriage he wiſhed to contract with a young ſtranger, ſo totally unknown; and thought ſuch an alliance highly improper. However, in a ſhort time, he too was conquered by the noble demeanour and amiable qualities which he perceived in the fair ſtranger, and could no longer oppoſe his ſon's earneſt wiſhes.

When Macwill declared his love to Conſtance, of which he had given many proofs before, but which he never had dared to diſcover openly, and even offered her his hand: though ſhe felt an equal inclination for him, and was highly delighted at the welcome offer, yet ſhe remained doubtful and in ſuſpenſe for a long time. At laſt, love and gratitude prevailed. Macwill's vows were crowned; and before the end of the year, a lovely boy was the fruit of their happy union.

Two years had glided away in the ſweets of domeſtic happineſs, and pure love; when Macwill was obliged by his commercial concerns, to undertake another, but much longer voyage. On parting from his beloved wife, many tears were ſhed; and he could not induce himſelf to quit her, till he had her picture ſet in a ring. After ſeveral voyages to different parts of the Mediterranean, he arrived at Palermo, where one day while he was contemplating the dear image, from which he could not long keep his eyes, a gentleman belonging to the court, being near him, knew the picture, and immediately informed the king of it. The king ſent for Macwill, when feigning ſome other ſubject of

inquiry,

inquiry, and deſignedly prolonging the converſation, he attentively obſerved the ring. At the firſt ſight of it, he felt in his heart an extreme perturbation; yet reſiſting it, and concealing his emotions, he calmly aſked him whoſe portrait that was. It is the portrait of my wife, Sire, replied Macwill.—Of your wife! And where is ſhe?—At Dublin, with my father, Sire.—What is her name?—Conſtance, Sire.—Is ſhe a native of Ireland, or a foreigner?—She is a foreigner, Sire; but of what country I cannot tell. He then began to relate to the king, that he had ranſomed her from the Algerine corſairs, taken her to Dublin with him, and married her. The king heard all attentively, after which he commanded him to be arreſted. Then as ſoon as a ſhip could be prepared, he ſent it to Dublin, with orders to fetch Conſtance, her ſon, and Iſabella, with all poſſible ſpeed. Who could deſcribe the ſorrow and conſternation of the huſband, when he ſaw the danger into which his imprudent narrative had led him? The horror and fear of Conſtance, when ſhe ſaw herſelf ſeized by order of the king, her father? or, the diſtraction of the old man, who ſaw himſelf at once deprived of his daughter-in-law, his grandſon, and his ſon.

When Conſtance arrived at Palermo, ſhe was preſented to the king: the moment ſhe ſaw him, ſhe was near ſinking to the ground with terror. However, taking courage, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and ſaid, Sire, a thouſand reaſons muſt make me appear guilty in your eyes; and with ſubmiſſion I wait for the effects of your anger. But this tender infant and his unfortunate father are innocent, therefore I humbly implore mercy for them. Yet, Sire, ſhould your anger yield but for a moment to your wonted pity, perhaps you would find me leſs culpable than I now appear. On the fatal day which tore me from you, I was amuſing myſelf with Iſabella in that part of the royal gardens which extends to the ſeaſide. Suddenly a number of men ruſhed out, who had been laying wait, ſeized and carried us both forcibly away. Terror, grief, and deſpair, added ſtrength to our cries for help; but in vain. The duke of Bari, author of the treacherous violence, ordered his followers to carry us on board a ſhip, which he had ready at hand; and immediately the ſails were hoiſted. I confeſs, Sire, that my heart had not had power to defend itſelf from him before: but I ſolemnly declare, that far from aſſenting to ſo criminal a flight, from that moment I conſidered him as the vileſt and moſt odious of men upon the face of the earth. When we were out at ſea, an Algerine corſair attacked us; the action was long and obſtinate: the duke fought deſperately; but at laſt his death atoned for his crime. We were made ſlaves, and carried into Algiers to be ſold. A young ſtranger, who ſeemed ſent by Heaven, preſented himſelf to deliver us. Moved by a generous compaſſion he offered a large ſum for our freedom, and obtained it. Our liberty

was

was not the only kindneſs he beſtowed on us. Repeatedly he aſked us the name of our country, promiſing to accompany us to it; but fearing the ſuſpicion, you, Sire, juſtly muſt have formed of my being acceſſary to the flight, I dreaded the effects of your reſentment, and did not dare to diſcover myſelf to him. He conducted me to his father's houſe, and after having ſhewn me the moſt reſpectful attentions for a conſiderable length of time, though I was a ſtranger, and my condition was totally unknown to him, and though I perſiſted in my ſilence, yet he had the noble generoſity to offer me his hand. I have offended you, Sire; perhaps I no longer merit to be conſidered by you as a daughter; but finding myſelf as it were forſaken by all the world, purſued by an invincible fear of your anger, deſpairing of ever ſeeing you again, vanquiſhed by a ſentiment of tender gratitude, and I will even acknowledge by a ſofter ſentiment, which his captivating manners inſpired me with, I yielded to his ſolicitations, and conſented to be his wife. Puniſh, Sire, puniſh your daughter, if unhappily ſhe has incurred the misfortune of your diſpleaſure; I cannot complain: but the generous benefactor to whom I owe exiſtence and liberty, but this tender innocent child—ah! Sire! let them not ſuffer for a fault of which I alone am culpable.

Hearing this diſcourſe which acquired energy and force by the expreſſion of her eyes, her countenance, and voice, the king, who at firſt ſeemed incenſed and inclined to ſeverity, felt himſelf gradually appeaſed, and at laſt was moved to pity by her narrative. The humble and ſubmiſſive poſture of Conſtance, her ſighs, her tears, the tears with which the tender infant ſeconded thoſe of its mother, made a due impreſſion on his heart; he held out his hand to his daughter, who was ſtill at his feet, and raiſed her with kindneſs. You have offended me, ſaid he, by contracting ſuch an unequal marriage, without my permiſſion; but you have offended me more, by doubting my clemency, if your flight was innocent. However, ſince I ſee that your faults proceed from a weak and not a vicious mind, I will ſtill remember that I am your father, and forgive you. Saying theſe words, he embraced her with tenderneſs, and ordered Macwill to be brought before him. A flood of tears guſhed from the eyes of Conſtance, at this unexpected happineſs; tears of tenderneſs, joy, and gratitude; thoſe of the king flowed in uniſon with thoſe of his fair daughter.

Meanwhile, Macwill, who had been in ſuſpenſe, and uncertain of his fate, agitated by a thouſand terrors, went pale and trembling to receive his doom.

At the ſight of Conſtance, a ſudden chill ſeized his whole frame, but it ſoon yielded to the moſt lively ardour and tender tranſports: regardleſs of the preſence he was in, he flew to her, and embracing her and his ſon alternately, he was for a conſi-

derable time encircled in their arms, without having the power of uttering a ſyllable. Having at laſt quitted them, he threw himſelf on his knees before the king; and ſaid, I accept, Sire, with pleaſure, the fate your royal will awards me. Since I have had the happineſs of ſeeing once more the two objects to whom all my wiſhes were directed, nothing more is left for me to deſire. Only I humbly beſeech that they, that my father.... No, my ſon, ſaid the king, interrupting him, no, be not uneaſy, diſpel all your fears; by your narrative, and that of my daughter, (pointing to Conſtance) I am acquainted with your innocence, and admire your generoſity. It has pleaſed Heaven to reward you for it, and I adore its diſpenſations. Live both happy, and let your children be the comfort of my old age. Tears and embracings gave relief to their oppreſſed hearts. The king ſent immediately a ſhip to Dublin, inviting Macwill's father to his court: the worthy old man repaired to it without delay, to join his family. Bleſt by Heaven, they lived all in harmony, the moſt joyful and happy days: and Macwill had the pleaſure of being enabled to exerciſe more largely that beneficence which had been the cauſe of his high elevation and princely fortune.

ACCOUNT *of the* WRECK *of the* SCEPTRE.

[From Semple's Walks and Sketches.]

"THAT is the remaining portion of a Britiſh ſixty-four, the Sceptre, which was driven aſhore here in a gale of wind and went to pieces: the greater part of the crew periſhed with her, and many of their bodies are at this moment buried beneath that wreck. I was preſent almoſt from the moment of her ſtriking, and, if you are inclined, can give you ſome details of the cataſtrophe which enſued."

"Since I have been ſo inquiſitive," ſaid Charles, "let me know the whole. I ſhall liſten if not with pleaſure, at leaſt with attention."

"Know then, my friend," replied I, "that it was on the 5th of November laſt that this melancholy event took place. Early in the morning of that day the wind began to blow freſh from the north-weſt, a circumſtance almoſt unheard of before, at ſuch a time of the year, accompanied with a heavy ſea rolling into the bay. No danger, however, was apprehended till after mid-day, when the wind and ſwell of the ſea continuing to increaſe, a large American veſſel from Bombay parted her cables, and drove aſhore not far from the caſtle. This was ſoon followed by an American brig, which went aſhore with two or three ſails ſet, by which means being driven far up on a good ſand, the hull was ſaved from being much beaten about by the waves.

At

"At six o'clock I went down to the sea side, about which time the Sceptre and a Danish sixty-four, bound to the eastward, began to lower their flags and fire guns as signals of distress, and soon afterwards the Sceptre appeared to drive from her anchors, as yet but slowly. At seven, the spectators who had assembled on the beach, began to disperse, as it was raining hard; until being left alone, I ran along the shore, the vessel still continuing to fire at intervals, and from the deeper sound of each succeeding gun through the repercussion of the hills, it was evident she was drawing nearer and nearer to the bottom of the bay. About eight I arrived alone upon the spot. It was now dark, for although the moon was up it was very cloudy, yet not so much so but that I could plainly perceive a large vessel aground, with all her masts gone, at no great distance from the shore. I was about to return to Cape Town to communicate this intelligence, when I saw a number of people coming towards the spot, attended by slaves with lanterns. These proved to be the officers of the Sceptre, who happened to be on shore, together with some other naval officers, and with them I returned to the place. There was at first some dispute whether it was the Sceptre or not, till at length we discerned the broad pennant flying at the stump of the mizen, which put an end to all doubt. Perhaps, however, Charles, I am relating circumstances, which, however important they appeared to me at the time, may be uninteresting to you." "By no means," replied my friend, "pray continue."

"As the officers seemed much concerned for the fate of their comrades on board, I endeavoured to cheer them by representing how near the ship was to the shore, and the great probability of her keeping together till day light, at which some seemed comforted, but the greater part, more experienced, only answered, "she is an old ship, she is an old ship." We set to work however, collecting all the loose planks that were floated ashore; and clubbing our handkerchiefs for tinder, we soon made a large fire, and gave three cheers, as loud as we could, to encourage those on board. At ten o'clock, however, it came on to rain so hard that the vessel could no longer be seen; a dismal cry was, however, plainly heard, and before eleven, such a number of planks began to be thrown upon the beach, together with chairs, tables, and other articles, that it became but too evident that she had fallen entirely to pieces."

Charles burst into tears, and begged me to go no farther. "I have done," said I.

VOLCANIC CAVERN AT MASSIAC.

IT is the great object of art to imitate nature with boldness, skill, and delicacy. And there are not wanting instances in

which nature ſeems, on the other hand, as it were, to imitate the contrivances and arrangements of art. An object of this laſt ſort occurs at Maſſiac, in France. Among ſeveral volcanic grottos, formed and arched over by baſaltic columns, is a cavern which is ſometimes the reſort of parties of pleaſure from the town. The paſſage to that cavern is difficult. But there is in the cavern a curioſity which ſtrongly invites viſitants. The mouth of the cavern faces the ſouth exactly. Hence the ſun, when on the meridian of the place, illuminates its whole depth. The cavern thus acts naturally as a ſort of ſun-dial. It is high noon when no ſpeck of ſhade is any longer to be ſeen within it.

MEMOIR *of the* LIFE *of* NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD.

By MR. CAPEL LOFFT.

NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD was born the 23d of February, 1759.

He was the third child and ſecond ſon of George Bloomfield, of Honington; and was deprived of his father, by the ſmall-pox, when he was eight years old. Like Robert, he learnt to read and write of his mother; and had, like him, his farther inſtruction in writing, and was taught the firſt rules of arithmetic, by Mr. Roddwell, of Ixworth; where alſo he ſeems to have had ſome inſtruction in grammar. But his mother being then a widow, his grandfather, (Mr. Robin Manby) kindly bound him apprentice to Mr. Haylett, a taylor, of Market-Harling; of which buſineſs the father of the Bloomfields had been.

He was here very kindly treated, and was found to be an excellent apprentice.

While here he learnt church muſic, (one of the great conſolations of energetic and penſive minds) and ſung in a company which was conducted by Mr. Syder. But when his voice broke, he could make no figure among them; for it was not only a baſs of extremely narrow compaſs, but weak and tremulous.—This latter defect of voice was obſerved in Thomſon; and perhaps it may ariſe ſometimes not from a fault in the natural quality of the voice, but from exceeding ſenſibility to poetry and muſic.

When between 16 and 19 years of age, he entered with the fervour of a vigorous and thoughtful mind, into the ſtudy of religion, on the principles of the church of England; and added to his ſtudy of it what is the great end—the practice of religion as a rule of conduct and life.

At a ſtall at Harling fair, he met with a practical catechim; the author's name Pratt; and at the ſame time he made the ac-

quiſition of a large volume of Tillotſon's ſermons—probably the folio edition of the ſermons of that excellent man and writer; ſo diſtinguiſhed by his piety—uniform, mild, and rational; the morality of his excellent diſcourſes; their ſimplicity and clearneſs, and the ſweetneſs and perſuaſiveneſs of manner. Theſe, and other religious tracts he bought, and "the laſt" (Tillotſon) "he lent," ſays Mr. George Bloomfield, "to me. I received many excellent letters from him on that ſubject; and they had greater weight on my mind, than if they had been written by an elder hand."

When his apprenticeſhip expired, he came to London, and expected to find his brother George there. But George had taken a trip, "or tramp, as it is called," into Kent. They, however, ſoon met in London, "and there never lived, (adds George) a more pleaſant acquaintance than he proved."

It was ſome years before he could procure work in London ſufficient to ſupport him through the dead months. He uſed, therefore, when he found trade dull in town, to go to the country.

And thus, while at Woolwich, he became acquainted with Charlotte Noble, whom he married, the 4th of March, 1787: he being then in the 28th, and ſhe in her 17th year. Her mother was a widow, who kept a ſmall general ſhop. Her brother-in-law, George, in ſpeaking of this union, ſays, "There, perhaps, never lived a woman who poſſeſſed a better temper; and he has, though very poor, been exceedingly happy."—For myſelf, I wiſh, in tranſcribing this account, that thoſe who think riches ſo eſſential to happineſs, that they will take no ſtep in life, nor ſuffer their hearts or their underſtandings to have any influence with them, if the acquiſition of riches ſeems likely to be delayed or endangered, would conſider that the family of the Bloomfields has been happy, and has excelled upon very different principles. And if we would compare the thouſands in every ſituation of life, to whom what is called proſperity is a ſnare, a burthen, and a curſe, with thoſe who are happy with mere neceſſaries, and thoſe with difficulty obtained—happy by their affections and their virtues; by improved, and generous, and tender feelings; by hope amid difficulties, and confidence in Heaven amid trials and diſtreſſes,—it might be ſeen and felt that there is more of folly in the wiſdom of the world, than thoſe who place wiſdom in the accumulation of ſuperfluities, to the neglect of the moſt natural bleſſings, and often in violation of the cleareſt duties, either of juſtice or of benevolence, may be willing to acknowledge.

He has two children living—Elizabeth, born the 11th of July, 1789; George, the 4th of February, 1797. "He loſt," adds his brother, "two ſweet boys, who both died within a few days of each other, by that dreadful diſeaſe the ſmall-pox," which

which has ſince been fatal to another promiſing child, Thomas, born Auguſt, 1799. The father, oppreſſed with grief, reproaches himſelf with not having inoculated this child with the ſmall-pox. But when it is conſidered how formidable, after two ſuch loſſes, the ſmall-pox, in any form, muſt appear to affectionate parents, I think it will be evident that he is too ſevere to himſelf in this reproach. The inoculated ſmall-pox is ſometimes fatal: had he inoculated the child he would have reproached himſelf, and ſtill with more feeling than juſtice, for ſo doing.

He had read but little poetry when he came to London; but he had not been long there before he was ſtruck, looking, as was his cuſtom, at books on a ſtall, with the title of Night Thoughts. He had never heard of it before; but its name was an irreſiſtible charm to his melancholy, enquiring mind. This has been ever his favourite book. He would have bought it had it been double the price. And as he poſſeſſes an uncommonly retentive memory, he uſed to repeat great part of it by rote in his walks with his brothers. He afterwards read Milton.

He read too, Goldſmith and Fielding. And he added to thoſe ſome of our Engliſh poets as they fell in his way. Among theſe, Thomſon could hardly fail to be: but Mr. G. Bloomfield remarks, "he never was ſo ſtruck with Thomſon as I ſhould have expected."

While ſingle, he made it the amuſement of his evenings to read Entick's Dictionary, and write down every word of which he wiſhed to remember the ſpelling or the meaning. He has often ſaid, that ſince his buying of the ſermons in his early youth, he had never bought, for his own reading, any but poetical books: and when he could get hold of any miſcellaneous book, he read firſt the poetry, and after looked at no other part.

With this turn of mind and habit of reading, that he has through life indulged in poetical effuſions, will be no matter of ſurpriſe. But he has more than once ſaid to his brother George in letters, that it was the ſucceſs of Robert that encouraged him to attempt an "Eſſay on War;" a ſubject on which he had occupied his thoughts a great length of time.

"I remember," ſays his brother, "nothing particular of his infancy, except the great ſhare of baſhfulneſs (or, as a philoſopher perhaps would ſay, pride,) which he poſſeſſed in common with the reſt of the family. Exceedingly mild in his temper and kind to his playmates, he was very apt in learning.

For the laſt fifteen years, his own account is, that he has certainly read but little, his family having claimed his utmoſt exertions, and his buſineſs allowing little leiſure. And what leiſure he had being generally employed in walking with his children. Until laſt ſummer, he was a journeyman taylor; but has ſince been a maſter in a ſmall way. If, there-

fore, he appeas to poſſeſs any knowledge of a literary nature, it muſt be all from the ſtores of memory.

He at preſent lives at No. 19, Dagget-court, Broker-row, Moorfields, London. He is, ſays Mr. G. Bloomfield, about five feet three inches high; of a dark complexion, and dark grey eyes: he has loſt the hair from the top of his head, which gives him the appearance of age. Though remarkable for talking little, ſo as to have the name of a man of few words, he is, on occaſion, a cheerful companion; and though generally penſive and melancholy, ever kind-hearted.

As a huſband and father, his character is certainly exemplary. And few men paſs though life ſo ſmoothly. Though commonly working with a number of ſhop-mates, he has ſuch a philoſophical command of temper, that he never diſputes, nor concerns himſelf with the diſputes of others, unleſs they refer to him for a deciſion.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 236.)

DISCOURAGED by defeats, many of the rebels began to wiſh for leave to retire in ſafety to their homes, and reſume their peaceful occupations. Of this a remarkable inſtance occurred on the 28th, and another on the 31ſt of May. Lieutenant-General Dundas, who had, in the afternoon of the 24th, defeated a rebel force near Kilcullen, and relieved that little town, received on the 28th, at his quarters at Naas, by Thomas Kelly, Eſq. a magiſtrate, a meſſage from a rebel chief named Perkins, who was then at the head of about two thouſand men, poſted on an eminence called Knockawlin-hill, on the border of the Curragh of Kildare, a beautiful plain uſed as a race-courſe, twenty-two miles ſouth-weſtward of the metropolis. The purport of this meſſage was, that Perkins's men ſhould ſurrender their arms, on condition of their being permitted to retire unmoleſted to their habitations, and of the liberation of Perkins's brother from the jail of Naas. The general, having ſent a meſſenger for advice to Dublin Caſtle, and received permiſſion, aſſented to the terms, and, approaching the poſt of Knockawlin on the 31ſt, received the perſonal ſurrendry of Perkins, and a few of his aſſociates; the reſt diſperſing homewards in all directions with ſhouts of joy, and leaving thirteen cart-loads of pikes behind.

This diſpoſition to ſurrender, which good policy would have encouraged among the inſurgents, was blaſted three days after by military ardour, which, when it eludes the ſalutary reſtraints of diſcipline, and is exerted againſt an unreſiſting object, ceaſes to be laudable. Major-General Sir James Duff, who had made

made a rapid march from Limerick with six hundred men, to open the communication of the metropolis with that quarter, received intelligence of a large body of men assembled at a place called Gibbitrath, on the Curragh, for the purpose of surrendry, to which they had been admitted by General Dundas. Unfortunately, as the troops advanced near the insurgents to receive their surrendered weapons, one of the latter foolishly swearing that he would not deliver his gun otherwise than empty, discharged it with the muzzle upwards. The soldiers instantly, pretending to consider this as an act of hostility, fired on the unresisting multitude, who fled with the utmost precipitation, and were pursued with slaughter by a company of fencible cavalry, denominated Lord Jocelyn's fox-hunters. Above two hundred of the insurgents fell upon this occasion, and a far greater number would have shared their fate, if a retreat had not been sounded with all possible dispatch, agreeably to the instructions of General Dundas, who had sent an express from his quarters at Kilcullen, to prevent such an accident.

While, by the above-mentioned operations, the communication was in great measure laid open between the several parts of the kingdom and the capital, which had for some days actually sustained a species of blockade, an insurrection had burst out in a part where it was least expected, and was growing into so formidable a force, as to occasion the most serious alarms for the safety of government. The county of Wexford had been but very recently and but partially organized, and many of its romanist inhabitants had addressed the lord lieutenant through the medium of the Earl of Mountnorris, protesting their loyalty, and pledging themselves to arm, if permitted, in defence of government, whenever there should be occasion. Not above six hundred men, at most, of the regular army or militia, were stationed in the county, the defence of which was almost abandoned to the troops of yeomen and their supplementaries, while the magistrates in the several districts were employed in ordering the seizure, imprisonment, and whipping of numbers of suspected person.

The standard of rebellion, after an apparently passive submission, was at last hoisted between Gorey and Wexford, on the night of the 26th of May, by John Murphy, romish priest of Boulavogue, commonly known by the denomination of Father John, as in the south of Ireland the name of father is commonly prefixed to the name of each priest. This man, who was coadjutor, or assistant curate, of the parish priest, was a man of shallow intellect, a fanatic in religion, and, from the latter circumstance, too well qualified to inflame the superstitious minds of the ignorant multitude. In an attempt to disperse a body of the insurgents, at the head of a part of his troop, Thomas Bookey, a brave young man, first lieutenant of the Camolin cavalry, was killed,

killed, as he incautiouſly advanced before his men to harangue the rebels; and his houſe, about ſeven miles from Gorey, was burned. From this commencement of hoſtility, the commotion ſpread rapidly on all ſides; and the collection of rebel parties was greatly promoted by the reports diſſeminated of numbers of people ſhot in the roads, at work in the fields, and even in their houſes, unarmed and unoffending, by ſtraggling parties of yeomen. Influenced by theſe reports, which certainly were not without too much foundation, great numbers took refuge with their friends in arms, inſomuch that, on the following morning of Whit-Sunday, the 27th of May, two large bodies were collected, one on the hill of Oulart, nearly midway between Gorey and Wexford, about eleven miles to the ſouth of the former; the other on Kilthomas hill, an inferior ridge of Slyeeve-Bwee mountain, about nine miles weſtward of Gorey. Each, eſpecially that of Oulart, where the number of combatants was leſs than at Kilthomas, was a confuſed multitude of both ſexes and all ages.

Againſt the latter body of inſurgents, conſiſting of two or three thouſand men in arms, marched a body of yeomen, on the ſame morning, between two and three hundred in number, infantry and cavalry, from the neighbouring town of Carnew, in the county of Wicklow. The infantry of this little army, or corps of Shillela yeomen, flanked at a conſiderable diſtance on the left by the cavalry, advanced intrepidly up the hill againſt the rebels, who were poſted on the ſummit. The latter, if they had been ſenſible of their advantage, and known how to improve it, might, as has appeared by ſubſequent events, have ſurrounded and deſtroyed this little body of brave men: but they were ſtruck with a panic and fled, after a few diſcharges of muſketry from the yeomen, at too great a diſtance to make any conſiderable execution. About one hundred and fifty of the rebels were killed in the purſuit, and the yeomen, exaſperated by the death of Lieutenant Bookey, and other violent acts, burned two romiſh chapels, and about a hundred cabins and farm-houſes of romaniſts in the courſe of ſeven miles march.

The event of battle was very different, on the ſame day, on the hill of Oulart, where Father John commanded. A detachment of a hundred and ten choſen men of the North-Cork militia, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Foote, marched from Wexford, and attacked the rebels on the ſouthern ſide of the hill. Such contempt of an enemy as creates incaution has often proved fatal. The rebels fled at the firſt onſet, and were purſued at full ſpeed by the militia, who were ſo little apprehenſive of reſiſtance, that no rank or order was obſerved. While the rebels were making their eſcape with precipitation toward the northern ſide of the hill, they were admoniſhed that a large body of cavalry had been ſeen that morning advancing againſt

them in the oppoſite direction, apparently with deſign to intercept their flight, or co-operate with the militia in a double attack. As the Wexfordian inſurgents as yet were totally unacquainted with warfare, the onſet of cavalry was in the imaginations of many among them more terrible than that of infantry. They therefore ignorantly ſuppoſing the cavalry to be ſtill in their neighbourhood, while Father John exclaimed that they muſt either conquer or periſh, turned againſt the militia, who were now arrived near the ſummit, almoſt breathleſs; and charging them with their pikes, killed almoſt in an inſtant all of the detachment, except the lieutenant-colonel, a ſerjeant, and three privates. If we may believe the accounts of ſome of the inſurgents engaged in this butchery, no more than about three hundred of their number ventured to make this furious attack, of whom only ſix were armed with firelocks, the reſt carrying pikes, with which they made ſo ſudden and cloſe an aſſault that only three of them were killed and ſix wounded by the diſordered ſoldiery. The body of cavalry, who terrified the rebels into this feat of courage againſt the militia, conſiſted of two troops under Captain Hawtrey White. Theſe had marched from Gorey very early that morning, with deſign to attack the inſurgents; but after a march of twelve or thirteen miles, the number and poſition of the enemy were imagined to be ſuch as to render a retreat neceſſary; and after the killing of ſome few unarmed ſtragglers, and ſome old men who had remained in their houſes, they returned to Gorey quite ignorant of the intended march of troops from Wexford, on the oppoſite ſide, and unapprehenſive of the unhappy fate which awaited that detachment.

(To be continued.)

M. Denon's Account of Crocodiles.

I Saw (ſays M. Denon) on the banks of the Nile, a conſiderable number of crocodiles, of all ſizes, from three to twenty-ſix or twenty-eight feet in length; ſeveral officers, worthy of credit, have aſſured him that they have ſeen one of forty: they are not ſo much to be feared as it is pretended; they affect certain ſhallow places in preference to others, an habitude which proves that they live in families; it is on the low iſles that they baſk in the ſun, the heat of which they ſeem to ſeek; ſeveral are ſeen at a time, always motionleſs, and uſually aſleep, in the midſt of birds, whom they do not frighten. What is it upon which theſe bulky animals live? Many ſtories are told of them, but M. Denon was never a witneſs of a ſingle fact; bold to raſhneſs the ſoldiers braved them; he, himſelf, bathed daily in the Nile; the greater tranquillity offered by the night induced him to riſk pretended dangers which no event rendered probable;

they

they ate ſome of the corpſes which were ſcattered in their way, a food which ſhould have excited their appetite, and engaged them in a chace that promiſed the ſame; and yet the French were never attacked, and never did they ſee a ſingle crocodile at any diſtance from the river; it ſhould appear that the Nile ſupplies them in ſufficient abundance with an eaſy prey; that they digeſt ſlowly, having, like the lizard, cold blood and a ſtomach with but little activity: to conclude, having to fight in that part of the Nile which is known to us only for themſelves and for men, they would be very alarming to the latter, if, covered as they are with a defenſive arm almoſt proof againſt every one of our's, they were ſkilful in the uſe of the offenſive ones with which they have been provided by nature. When M. Denon left Keneh, General Belliard had a young crocodile, of ſix inches in length, which was already miſchievous: that general has ſubſequently informed him that it lived four months without eating, without appearing to be hungry, without becoming meagre or increaſing in bulk, and without growing tame.

Pleaſing INSTANCE *of* FILIAL PIETY.

THE following ſtriking inſtance of filial beneficence in two brothers of the name of Collins, natives of Shrewſbury, who had engaged to ſerve as ſubſtitutes in the royal army of reſerve, for the county of Cardigan, lately occurred at Aberyſtwith. Upon receiving their bounty money, which amounted to a conſiderable ſum, a propoſal was made by one of them to appropriate a part of it (five guineas) to the aſſiſtance of their mother, a perſon in low circumſtances, reſident in Shrewſbury. Warmed with the generous offer of his brother, the other propoſed ſeven or ten guineas; and a noble ſtrife took place between them, who ſhould give the moſt ſubſtantial proof of his affection. At the concluſion of this honourable conteſt, it was agreed that each of them ſhould remit 15 guineas. This ſum was ſoon after committed to the care of a reſpectable tradeſman of this town, who was at that time in Aberyſtwith, and by him delivered to the old woman, whoſe feelings on the receipt of ſo large a ſum, the offering, too of filial regard, cannot eaſily be deſcribed.

QUERE.

DID Domitian, the emperor amuſe himſelf in killing *flies* or *fleas?* Suetonius, it is true, ſays "*muſcas*," flies: but Watts, in his fifth edition of Philoſophical Eſſays on various Subjects, tells us, at p. 306, they were *fleas*. "I hope," ſays an eminent writer, "for the emperor's ſake, they were ſo."

Remarks on the Stones that are ſuppoſed to have dropped from the Clouds.

IT has been aſſerted, both in this country and France, that the ſtones found in many parts of the world, ſuppoſed to have dropped from the clouds, are, in fact, the effect of eruptions from lunar volcanoes. To prove that theſe eruptions may reach the earth, it has been calculated that if the lunar volcanoes in any part of the hemiſphere of that planet which is viſible to us, ſhould project bodies with a force ſufficient to carry them ſeven thouſand feet in a ſecond, they muſt neceſſarily throw them within the ſphere of the earth's attraction. And even ſuppoſing that a body projecting from a lunar volcano meets with a reſiſtance equivalent to that of two miles of an atmoſphere of equal denſity with our's, and ſuppoſing the velocity of projection to be twelve thouſand feet per ſecond, and the body to be a ſphere whoſe diameter is twelve inches, and ſpecific gravity ten thouſand times greater than that of the atmoſphere, it would loſe in its paſſage leſs than one-third of its velocity, and would ſtill retain more than ſufficient force to carry it within the ſphere of the earth's attraction.

In anſwer to the objection that ariſes from the bodies being in a ſtate of ignition when they fall to the earth, it is replied, that the ſpace between the earth and the moon muſt be either nearly, or altogether a vacuum; it muſt be almoſt, if not quite, a non-conductor of heat; ſo that it will eaſily be conceived, that a body paſſing through it may retain during its paſſage of about four or five days nearly the ſame degree of heat with which it ſet out, eſpecially as no change of texture takes place, by which its heat can become latent.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Serjeant drilling a volunteer corps a few days ago, was peculiarly ſevere on a gentleman whom he did not fail to tax as amazingly ſtupid and awkward. The recruit grumbled, and was beginning to reply, when the ſerjeant ſtopped him by exclaiming, " hold your tongue, Sir; a ſoldier is only allowed to open his mouth *twice* in the ranks; once when his name is called, and again to *bite off* the end of his cartridge."

QUERY.

FROM what aroſe the common term " things are at ſixes and ſevens?"

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inſerted Auguſt 1.

ITS lovely ANN attracts your eyes,
The beauteous girl you highly prize.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; Thomas Adey, of Poole; W. Seaward, of Ottery; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhell; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; B. Fiander, of Melbury Oſmond; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Cole, of Broadhempſton; W. Row, and R. Horſey, of Wellington; and T. Adey, of Buckfaſtleigh.

Anſwer, by R. Bartlett, of Lopen, near South Petherton, to R. Berry's Rebus, inſerted Auguſt 1.

WHEN chilling winds the green herbs blaſt,
The FROST ſoon comes to lay all waſte.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, of Exeter; William Row, and R. Horſey, of Wellington; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; T. Adey, of Poole; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. Pearce, of Beaminſter; W. Seaward, of Ottery; T. Rutger, of Clowance; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; B. Fiander, of Melbury Oſmond; T. Lee, of Buckfaſtleigh; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and W. Coles, of Broadhempſton.

A CHARADE, *by R. Horſey, of Wellington.*

MY firſt's an inſect often ſeen
In verdant meads where I have been;
My next is what moſt villains do
When juſtice ſtrict their ſteps purſue:
My whole doth o'er the hills and mountains bound,
In Africa, where frequently its found.

An ENIGMA, *by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.*

DISCERNING youths, I from the earth am torn,
And paſs th' fiery ordeal ere I'm form'd;
Such cruel tortures I am made to ſhare,
No mortal yet on earth could ever bear.
And ſtrange to tell, ſuch is the love of gold,
When made compleat I like a ſlave am ſold.
Yet tho' a ſlave, my maſter he well knows
I faithful prove, no ſecrets do diſcloſe;
When ev'ning comes, and he retires to ſleep,
I ſentry ſtand, and him from danger keep.
And know, ye youths, if you ſhould me abuſe,
You break your country's laws, and oftimes death enſues.

☞ ERRATA.—*In page* 182 *of the preſent volume, line* 22, *for* "*on man*", read "*on men*;" *and in line* 35 *of the ſame page, for* "*quitted your land*," read "*quelled your land.*"

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

HARK! war's ſhrill trumpet ſounds alarms!
See our daring foes advance!
Rouze, rouze, Britannia! ſons to arms,
And cruſh theſe lawleſs bands of France.

Let emulation fire each breaſt,
Each boſom burn with martial ire,
True Britiſh hearts indignant glow,
Minerva ſhall your ſouls inſpire.

The god of battles you'll protect,
With potent ſtrength he'll nerve your arm,
Teach you the ſhining blade to wield,
And ſtrike your foes with dire alarm.

The ruthleſs tyrant ſoon ſhall find
Britannia's champions ſtill the ſame;
Their native courage ne'er will fail,
On record ſtands our heroes' fame.

In awful pomp the god of war,
Deſcends to guard his favour'd iſle;
All boaſting tyrants laughs to ſcorn,
Indignant at their threats he'll ſmile.

Amaz'd, diſmay'd, they ſeek to fly,
See terrors ſeize the lawleſs band!
Their banners to our conquerors fall,
The avengers of their native land.

Back to your ruin'd country haſte!
Your bloody tyrant dare to tell;
You ſhrunk appall'd from Albion's ſons,
How many by their arms there fell.

Deluded Frenchmen! Ingrates all,
To own a menial tyrant's power;
And crouch beneath a foreign yoke,
Ere long you'll curſe that fatal hour.

O! queen of arts, how art thou fallen?
No more to raiſe thy towering head;
When you forſook the regal power
Then honour, wiſdom, virtue fled.

Britons! at their expence be wiſe;
Your God and king, as wont, revere;
No foes ſhall then your peace annoy,
But freedom crown each circling year.

Newton Abbot. A. M.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Diſturbing a Nightingale in a Walk in the Country occaſioned the following Lines.

POUR, pour, ſweet bird! thy plaintive ſtrain,
And let thy warbling charm my ear;
Reſume each trembling note again,
In me you have no foe to fear.

I'll not moleſt thy hallow'd ſhade,
Nor drive thee from the bloſſom'd ſpray;
But haſte to yonder pleaſant glade,
And liſten to thy artleſs lay.

No devious feet ſhall now invade,
Thy ſecret haunt within the grove;
Then ſwell thy note, be not afraid,
And chaunt thy little ſong to love.

Then, pretty warbler! ſhall thy note
With dulcet pleaſure ſooth my breaſt;
The muſic flowing from thy throat
Will lull my weary mind to reſt.

Loud let thy voice the vallies ring;
Loud let each note reſponſive ſound;
Let echo, on his trembling wing,
Now charm the ſilent woods around.

Hark! Hark! borne on by fragrant gales,
Melodious ſound thy tender ſtrains;
Now floating down midſt verdant vales,
Now cheering yonder rural plains.

Adieu, ! ſweet bird! for I muſt bend
My lonely ſteps from hence away;
'Tis night; the chilling dews deſcend,
And bid me here no longer ſtay.

London. J. PASCAL.

TO A SCREECH OWL.

By Miſs THOMASINE DENNIS.

WHY comes, at this ill-omen'd hour,
Minerva's favourite to my bow'r,
For ſolitude deſign'd!
And, opening wide her clam'rous throat,
Thus with her harſh diſcordant note
Diſturbs my thoughtful mind?

Acquaint me, for I long to know,
Whether to chance or fate I owe
This nightly ſerenade;
Why, when the groves in ſhades are dreſs'd,
And weary'd mortals ſink to reſt,
Doſt thou my peace invade?

Is it, that midnight glooms among,
To cheer my ſtudies with a ſong
Thou friendly doſt incline?
If ſo, forbear thy minſtrelſy,
And know that ſong delights not me
From ſuch a voice as thine.

Or, doſt thou, to my anxious mind
Portend ſome ill, that lurks behind
Futurity's dark ſhade?
Alas! the dread of woes to come,
Finds in my fancy ample room,
I fear, without thine aid.

Evils, no foreſight can avert,
With voice unfriendly why impart?
We wretched need it not.
Enough does varying life diſplay
Of ills ſufficient for the day,
Without the morrow's thought.

That ſcream again! hence, bird obſcene,
Of frightful ſhape, and haggard mien,
Abhorred imp of night!
Whoſe voice loud echoes thro' the wind,
And fills the apprehenſive mind
With terror and affright!

Hence, with thy raving note and wild!
Thou bird of wiſdom falſely ſtyl'd!
For thee no laurels bloom.
On ſome remote and deſart coaſt
Scream if thou wilt, and idly boaſt
Thy philoſophic gloom.

Think not that fair philoſophy
Has thy deep glcom and hollow eye,
Sad look and brow ſevere.
Wiſdom, the friend of human kind,
Is not to lonely cells confin'd,
Dark ſhades and cloiſters drear.

With ſuch as thee ſhe ne'er abides,
Nor, ſilent, in the deſert hides
The lamp that burns ſo bright;
But lifts on high her laurell'd head,
And o'er the world delights to ſhed
A portion of her light.

To angry dæmons liker thou!
Miſanthropy, with ſullen brow,
That ſcorns and ſhuns mankind!
Or hatred, whom the furies tear,
While paſſion, like a whirwind, there,
Roots up his peace of mind.

Or, like remorſe, with madd'ning breaſt
By all the fiends of Hell poſſeſs'd,
That, ſhunning human ſight,
To woods or deſerts bends his way,
As, fearful, that the blaze of day
Might bring his crimes to light.

Go, then! with theſe, or ſuch as theſe,
Go! and thy gloomy fancy pleaſe,
With every hateful ſound!
Or, in ſome lonely cavern hide—
For fear and miſery betide,
The place where thou art found!

THE SAILOR's DIRGE.

SEW up the hammock, death has laid
Poor Jack in honour's bed:
Heave out a ſigh, and lower away,
Our gallant meſſmate's dead.

A right, true hearted man he was,
A ſeaman ſtout and bold;
He lov'd his friend, he lov'd his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French or Spaniards fought,
No lion was more brave;
But when they cry'd for quarter, none
Than Jack more free to ſave.

When overboard and ſtruggling hard
For life's dear ſake was I;
Tho' wild the waves, and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He aſk'd no leave of paltry fear,
But ſwam and took me out;
Now Jack muſt ſink, and I may ſwim,
So fortune veers about.

Farewell, poor Jack, in vain for thee,
The ocean billows roar:
Farewell, poor Jack, with honour won,
Thou now haſt reach'd the ſhore.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

TO pimps, and waiters, bawds, in ſtores,
Erneſt his gold affords;
But, when a friend his aid implores,
He ſends him back—fine words!

To thoſe for help, then, let him ſend,
When folly—want produces;
Nor wonder, when he needs a friend,
If he receives—excuſes!

LABEL FOR A GIN BOTTLE.

WHEN fam'd Pandora to the clouds withdrew
From her dire box unnumber'd evils flew.
No leſs a curſe this vehicle contains—
Fire to the mind, & poiſon to the veins.